

Normal

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L reflects on his first love... Pastries :D

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Wrote this for a friend. Hope you find it amusing.

I don't own Death Note... Ah duh!

Suspense was heavy in the air. Soichiro Yagami had seemed to have indefinitely caught his jaw in a tight clench since L had begun observation of his family. And rightly so. At this point in the investigation the likelihood that Kira was residing in the Yagami household was probably at about... 30%- assuming that I actually understand how odds and the like work.

L was the same as ever. His inky black eyes, unblinkingly watched the wall of screens and no doubt mentally he was making a detailed record of each movement he observed should it suddenly account for some future detail which otherwise would not fit.

His thumb was pressed gently against his lower lip as he noticed some movement on the bottom left screen. Light had returned home rather quickly from his after school outing. L had begun to visualise the word 'suspicious' in conjunction with the schoolboy far too often since beginning this observation period.

In silence, Soichiro and L watched as Light made his way up the stairwell and entered his bedroom. After placing his backpack on the floor, Light moved over to his bookcase and pulled out a hollowed out textbook which held a surplus of brightly coloured magazines. Soichiro leaned in closer to try and make out what his son was reading, but his movement was rendered useless as L angled a camera with a single bony finger upon a remote on the couch by his side.

"What?!" Soichiro uttered in disbelief. His brow scrunched up in confusion and anxiety as he leaned back against his chair. "My son reads... Dirty magazines? This makes no sense..."

L nibbled lightly on the tip of his thumb as he inclined his eyes in Soichiro's direction. "You mustn't be too upset by this. It's quite common in boys his age."

Soichiro glanced inquisitively at the detective who spoke so nonchalantly. He obviously knew nothing about having children. And even more obviously, knew less about his son who would never do such a base thing!

With a narrowed brow, Soichiro felt inclined to give the strange man a piece of his mind on this topic but to his horror Ryuuzaki had already discontinued his attention to the older man's feelings and was once again intently nibbling on his thumb while watching over Lights' shoulder as he browsed the soft porn.

A faint smile could be seen playing on the detective's lips.

Soichiro huffed at L's response all the more. Yes, L would be the type who would indulge in such practices. He seemed to be inclined towards such things what with his appearance and odd mannerisms...

In truth, however, L was barely aware of the images being relayed over the live feed. Rather, the incidence of thinking on the habits of teenage boys had enlivened a memory in him which L would forever think of with fondness.

For the few people that had ever laid eyes on him, L had immediately seemed strange and foreign. But underneath that, he was undeniably human. He too required sustenance and sleep to function. He too knew what it was to feel amused, elated or depressed, regardless of whether or not he knew how to show it. And so too it was that L had also engaged in some slightly unorthodox practices during his youth, and from time to time, L didn't mind indulging himself again.

Ahh yes! He was somewhere between being sixteen and seventeen at the time. Some of the more normal children at Wammy's by this

time had started dating each other and were discovering the joys of first love. L recalled how puzzling this had seemed for him. His preferred method of learning had long since been through observation and so naturally those closest at hand had proved to be interesting subjects for understanding psychosocial transitions. Particularly now, regarding the idea of forming lasting bonds, generally outside the realms of friendship, which was a foreign enough concept to the poorly skilled socialiser that was young Lawliet to begin with.

What was it that brought these young people together?

L had never really felt drawn to anyone before. Well, anyone aside from Quillsh. But even that relationship had taken time and it was practiced at a distance to keep L comfortable. He couldn't imagine why anyone would enjoy holding hands or god forbid! kissing!

They seemed to L, a series of unnecessary and quite unhealthy occupations in all honesty. In fact, on more than one occasion L had lectured some of his fellow boarders as to the dangers of engaging freely in exchange of saliva and unwittingly touching another person without being sure firstly that they were in fact sanitary and completely safe to touch.

Such discussions were met with uncomprehending silence which L felt certain indicated a lack of impression with his concerns. After a few of these incidents Wammy himself had approached L to try and dispel some of his concerns. But for the first time in L's life the explanation he received seemed somewhat incomprehensible. With a sigh Quillsh had then launched into a more detailed and scientific explanation for the teenager which was received with much greater clarity and satisfaction.

The clarity remained. The satisfaction however, did not.

The more L thought about the idea that other people felt some deep desire to be in the company of others, the more L became worried about himself. According to Wammy, it was all very natural to even

want to engage in some hideously unsavoury acts with these people that you felt drawn to.

Did this mean L was... Unnatural?

He had taken a seat at his computer by this point and was eagerly chewing his thumb in thought.

Would L ever be in love with someone? Would he ever be excited by them to the extent that he would do almost anything to make them happy and have them by his side?

More research was required!

With haste, L made his way to the orphanages library. Surely there would be some self-help books that covered these subjects and would help L understand what it was that he was lacking.

Walking through the isles L's eyes scanned the shelves taking in the titles like they were a passing breeze.

General fiction, classics, autobiographies, history, politics, economics, arts and crafts, cookery... Cookery?

L stopped.

With his shoulders slightly hunched, his hands shoved deep within his pockets and his body still perpendicular to the shelves, he turned his head gently to the side and looked over the titles again. This time with a considerable measure of curiosity evident in his dark eyes.

Spanish cuisine, soups & salads, curries, casseroles, cakes & biscuits...

L pivoted on his foot and stared intensely at the shelf before him. His left thumb fell into place against this lip while his right hand stretched out and brushed its fingertips lightly against the outward facing spines.

They were cool to the touch. Likely few of the orphans had an interest in such things. The books were evidently dated as could be seen in the slight bubbles on the surface of the laminated covers. His fingers tingled as they hit against the bumps. His thumb brushed against his front teeth as he noticed one particular title; 'French Pastries'.

Without thinking, L's long index finger slid upward along the spine and slipped into the groove at its top between the two hardcovers, his fingertip pressing into the gap firmly against the glossy pages.

With the slightest bit of pressure, he pushed the book down so that it fell outwards with a light swish as its cover rubbed against the two besides it. L's breath caught in his throat as he clasped the outside of the book, his eyes latching onto the front cover which was filled with all manner of brightly iced, glossy sweets, layers of carefully moulded cream oozing out from their sides. Some of the treats were barely covered, only a light dusting of sugar clinging to their golden brown outer layers.

Pulling the book out, L brought it swiftly to his chest, pressing it in his arms greedily. He turned his head from side to side checking that no one had observed his actions before skulking away quickly to his bedroom.

Fleetingly he wondered what it was that had originally brought him to the library in the first place as he passed through the grand oaken doors. But his mind was too preoccupied at the thought of what lay in his grasp for him to dwell on those musings for long.

Upon reaching his bedroom, he pushed the door closed behind him and closed the latch without looking. As though his feet had a mind of their own he suddenly found himself standing beside his bed with the book laying on the half made sheets, its cover downwards hiding the delicious pastries it displayed.

His heart was thumping as he reached down and once again felt the laminated cover beneath his grasp, it's coolness replaced by a

gentle warmth which had transferred from his core to the book on the walk over.

L raised his eyes bashfully away as he turned the book upwards in his hands and without glancing down again he sat rigidly upon the edge of the bed, clasping the book feverishly.

Closing his eyes, L focused on the feel of the cover again, letting his fingers run wild along the now smooth, now bumpy surface.

He let out a sigh as he opened his eyes once more and finally took another look at the cover.

L had always enjoyed deserts. Since childhood he built up a high dependency on them, consuming more in a day than most of the children did in a week. But, he had never seen a book like this before...

With slight hesitation and a growing sense of how awkward this situation was, L tentatively leafed through the first few pages. Introductions and the like were naturally all he saw. Large chunks of text about pastries was certainly tantalising, but it could not compare to the marvellous images which he was sure would be contained on the pages to come.

Gripping a chunk of pages with new found ferocity L skipped straight into the good bits! And oh! Were they good!

His jaw hung slack.

'Eclairs au Chocolat.' The page read.

On the left hand side under the title sat the list of ingredients and the method. But on the right hand side, there sat the glorious product itself.

Carefully laid out on a finely detailed china set with gold leaf trimmings sat a long but exquisitely plump eclair. The pastry was the

most enthralling shade of yellowed brown, and smoother than any L had yet beheld. A thick layer of glistening chocolate adorned the otherwise naked choux shell. And while all of this was interesting, what really caught L's attention was the way the creme patissiere beneath the scantily clad pastry peeked out naughtily at him, tempting him with its delightful curves.

L felt himself blush.

'It's rude to stare.' He thought absentmindedly, bringing his gaze away from the pastry.

Of course L knew that that fact had never stopped him before. In fact, personally he hadn't really ever understood why it was rude to stare, but he had been told enough that he knew it was discourteous anyhow. At this particular time, that was enough for him to use it as an excuse to draw his suddenly muddled mind off the picture before him.

'Why would I need an excuse to look away from a picture? Why should I feel embarrassed of enjoying a picture?' He wondered, his left thumb risen back up to his lip, but this time it was pressing against it firmly and was pushing its way underneath his top most lip and into the gap between his upper and lower mandible.

His eyes came downward again. This time he glanced over the ingredients.

250 grams of butter

1 1/2 cups of plain flour

6 eggs

4 cups of...

"S-sugar..." L breathed feeling his heart thump against his rib cage.

His thumb pressed insistently against his teeth until it finally was allowed entrance into his mouth, his tongue meeting his nail gladly and covering the tip of the thumb in a layer of warm saliva.

His dark eyes gleamed as they moved down to the next item.

500 grams of fine quality milk cooking chocolate

L felt the heat in his face intensify which he pointlessly attempted to hide behind his long and unruly bangs.

His eyes continued down the page.

The method for making the choux pastry, the creme patissiere... Ah. The chocolate coating...

L felt an unfamiliar feeling in his stomach as he read this particular part of the process. He had heard of feeling a fire in your belly, and he certainly felt warm, but he also felt a strange fluttering. He bit his thumb in response to the feeling and continued reading.

'Place the chocolate and remaining butter in a pan on a low heat...'

His breathing became shallow. He felt like his teeth might break through the skin of his thumb...

'Stirring continuously until melted...'

" *Melted...*" L groaned as he repeated the word, an image of the glistening brown half liquid chocolate being rhythmically stirred in its saucepan over a gentle burn impressed upon his brain.

L startled himself. What was he doing? Why was he feeling this way? Why was he having these uncontrolled responses to food?!

With a blank expression and an unfathomable sense of guilt, L let the book fall from his hands to the ground as he realised what this meant.

He was normal!

He did understand what love was! He even understood suddenly why people would be driven to unsanitary practices for such feelings!

But like all things with L, he just did it a little differently.

He smiled...

Yes. It was totally normal for boys of Light Yagami's age to be drawn to such things...

What the hell did I write... Reviews and that are welcome :)